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More brother stories



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The sheep were Jean's playfellows. (See page 95.)



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MORE  
MOTHER STORIES  
BY  
MAUD LINDSAY

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ILLUSTRATED *by* F. C. SANBORN *and*  
MRS. FANNY RAILTON

*"Life is the most beautiful fairy tale."*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

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SPRINGFIELD MASS. 1916

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*Dedicated to the memory of  
my MOTHER and FATHER,  
whose loving sympathy with  
all that gave me joy made  
my childhood ideal*

## PREFACE

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His Mother Play Book is full of Nature. We find the child pictured there playing in field and meadow, wading in running brook, plucking flowers, calling chickens, watching pigeons, living with Nature, and growing toward God.

Alas that there are children to whom such joys are denied, but even in them, the little dwellers in city streets, we find this love of Nature strong whenever we give them opportunity to manifest it. I was once in a kindergarten of city children when a homely gray kitten strayed into their midst. Oh, the lighting up of little faces, the reaching out of little hands, the sympathetic interest that thrilled their little hearts at the sight!

“Pipe a song about a lamb.” My stories of the happy outdoor world were written in response to the needs of the little children with whom my lot is cast. They were suggested to me by the Mother-Plays, and I have striven, though faultily, to keep them true to Froebel’s ideals for childhood — Truth, Simplicity, and Purity.

The story writer, however, has but small

## PREFACE

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part in the art of story making for the young child. It is the story teller who gives life and glow to the story, and it is with the hope that you who tell my simple tales will supply their deficiencies and make them sweet that I am sending this little volume forth.

MAUD LINDSAY.

Tuscumbia, Alabama, 1905.



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*WISHING WISHES*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Wishes are lost in empty air  
Unless the wisher does his share;  
And fairy gift will always be  
But golden opportunity.*

*Early teach your child to see  
That golden opportunity  
Waits not for him, but he must be  
Waiting for opportunity.*





Once upon a time two little boys sat on a doorstep wishing wishes.

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# WISHING WISHES

A STORY FOR THE ALL GONE SONG

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Once upon a time two little boys sat on a doorstep wishing wishes.

"I wish, I wish," said the first little boy, whose name was Billy, "I wish I had something to eat as good as ice-cream!"

"So do I," said the other little boy, whose name was Bobbie, "and a rose as red as my sister's new Sunday dress."

"Yes, indeed," said Billy, "and a pony to ride."

"Oh, yes," cried Bobbie, clapping his hands, "a real, live pony to ride away" —

And then they both cried "Oh!" For, do you believe it? there right before them stood the tiniest, the loveliest lady they had ever seen!

Her hair was like sunshine, her eyes like the skies, and her cheeks like roses; and she had wings more beautiful than the wings of a butterfly; for she was a fairy.

"I am your fairy godmother," said she,

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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"and I will grant your three wishes if you will do just as I tell you."

Billy and Bobbie had never known before that they had a fairy godmother; but they were very glad of it, and listened eagerly to all she said.

"Get up in the morning when the stars are growing pale," said the fairy godmother, "and be at my golden gates when the lark sings his first song."

"But how shall we find your golden gates?" cried Billy and Bobbie together.

Then the fairy godmother put her hand into her pocket and took out two tiny feathers.

"Blow these into the air," she said, as she gave one to each child, "and follow them wherever they go; and when they fall to the earth again you will find my golden gates near by."

Then, before the little boys had time to answer, she vanished from sight, and only a bright spot of sunshine showed where she had stood.

Billy laid his feather down on the door-



## WISHING WISHES

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step and ran to look for her, and when he came back the feather was gone, for a breeze had blown by and whisked it away; and though Billy ran after it he never could catch it.

"Now, there!" he said, "that horrid breeze has blown away my feather, and how shall I find my fairy godmother's golden gates?"

"Never mind," said Bobbie, "I have my feather safe in my handkerchief; and if you will get up early in the morning you can go with me."

"All right," cried Billy; and both the little boys ran home to tell their mothers the wonderful thing that had happened to them.

When Bobbie got to his home and had told his mother and eaten his supper, he made haste to go to bed; for he knew that he must be up betimes the next morning. He folded his clothes on a chair, tied the feather up loosely in the handkerchief and pinned the handkerchief to his jacket, that everything might be ready when he waked up.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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Early, early in the morning, when the stars were pale, he jumped up and dressed, and ran to Billy's house.

"Billy! Billy!" he called, as soon as he got there; but Billy was asleep. He had not gone to bed with the birds, and he did not hear Bobbie call until his big brother waked him up; and then he said: —

"Oh! I'm too sleepy to go now. Tell Bobbie to go on and I will catch up with him."

So Bobbie started off alone. When he reached the road he shook out his handkerchief, and away flew the feather over the fields and meadows where the dewdrops waited for the sunbeams to make them bright. Bobbie followed it wherever it went, and by and by it flew near the lark's nest. The lark was just getting up.

"Good morning," said Bobbie. "When will you sing your first song?"

"When I fly up to the blue sky," answered the lark; and he flew up, up, till he looked like a tiny speck against the sky, and then he sang his morning song.

## WISHING WISHES

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Just then the feather fell to the earth, and Bobbie found himself before the fairy godmother's golden gates which were swinging wide open.

The fairy godmother herself was waiting to greet him, and she led him into her beautiful garden where all the birds and all the flowers were waking up. In the garden, under a tree, was a little silver table, and on the table were two golden bowls, each with a golden spoon beside it, and filled to the brim with fairy snow.

"One is for you," said the fairy godmother; and when Bobbie had tasted the fairy snow he liked it so well that he ate it all up, and it was better than ice-cream!

Then the fairy godmother took him down the garden path till they came to a rose-bush; on the rose-bush grew two roses as red as Bobbie's sister's new dress, and that was very red indeed.

"One of these is for you," said the fairy godmother; and after Bobbie had plucked one very carefully, he pinned it on his jacket that he might carry it to his mother.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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“Now,” said the fairy godmother, “what was the last wish?”

“A pony!” cried Bobbie; “but you surely can’t give me that.”

“Look under the willow tree,” said the fairy godmother, smiling. And there, sure enough, were two ponies! One was white and one was brown; and they had saddles on their backs, and golden bridles, and were all ready for little boys to ride.

Bobbie looked at them both and took the brown one, because it was a little like his father’s big brown horse.

“Good-by,” said the fairy, as he jumped on the pony’s back. “You have done your part and I have done mine, and I wish you well in the world.”

Then Bobbie thanked her and rode away through the golden gates toward home; and on the way he met Billy.

Now Billy had got up late in the morning when the sun was high, and had started out to look for his fairy godmother’s golden gates. As he was wandering about, he met a grasshopper, and said: —

## WISHING WISHES

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"Grasshopper, grasshopper, do you know where my fairy godmother lives?"

"Not I," said the grasshopper, laughing till his sides shook. "What a funny boy, not to know the way to his own godmother's!"

This did not please Billy, so he hurried away; and before long he met a bird.

"Bird, bird," he cried, "do you know where my fairy godmother lives?"

"Not I," said the bird, whistling in surprise.

"Nobody knows anything!" said Billy; but just then the lark flew by, and when he had heard the whole story he said: —

"A little boy passed my nest just as I was waking up this morning, and I will show you the way he went."

Then Billy made haste as fast as he could from the lark's meadow, and very soon he met Bobbie on the brown pony.

"It is all there, Billy," cried Bobbie, "just as she said. There's a bowl of fairy snow on the table, and a rose in the garden, and a pony under the willow tree!"

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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When Billy heard this he ran as fast as he could to the golden gates; and he scarcely spoke to the fairy godmother, for he spied the golden bowl on the silver table.

But the fairy snow was all gone. It had melted away in the warm sunshine, and when Billy looked in there was only a drop of water left in the bottom of the bowl.

"The sun has been shining while you were on the way," said the fairy godmother.

But Billy thought of the rose and the pony, and made haste down the garden path till he came to the rose-bush.

But the rose as red as the Sunday dress was gone, and only a heap of rose petals and a stem showed where it had been.

"The wind has been blowing while you were on the way," said the fairy godmother.

"Dear me!" said Billy. But he remembered the pony, and off he ran to the willow tree.

But when he got there all he could see was a golden bridle hung up in a tree; for the pony had gotten so tired of waiting and waiting and waiting for somebody who did

## WISHING WISHES

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not come, that he had broken loose from his bridle and gone back to fairyland.

“There now!” said Billy, “I’ve had all my trouble for nothing. I wish I hadn’t come!”

And, do you believe it? he had scarcely spoken when something whisked him up and whirled him away, and the next thing he knew he was sitting on the very doorstep where he had been when he was wishing wishes!





*IRMGARD'S COW*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*There is nothing under the sun so interesting to a child as the familiar cow, the sober horse, or the motherly hen, that live in his own barnyard.*





Irmgard had a cow. Yes, a cow of her very own.

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# IRMGARD'S COW

---

Irmgard was a little Swiss girl.

Her father was a guide, her brother was a herdsman, her sister was a dairymaid, and her mother was the dearest mother in the world, so Irmgard thought.

Irmgard had a cow. Yes, a cow of her very own. It was a present from her uncle who lived far away across the mountains.

He had sent the cow by her brother Peter, with a message which pleased Irmgard very much.

“Tell Irmgard,” her uncle had said to Brother Peter, “that this cow is her own; and she must learn to milk, and churn, and print butter; for when I come at Christmas to see her I shall expect a pound of butter printed by her own little hands for my Christmas gift.”

You can just imagine how Irmgard felt when she heard this! and her sister Rose promised to teach her how to do all these things, as soon as the cows came home from their summer pasture.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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Now in Irmgard's country, when the winter snows melt, the herdsmen take the cows to pasture high up in the mountains, where the grass grows green and the cool winds blow.

The milkmaids go, too, to take care of the milk, and they all live happily in the highlands till the snow comes again in the fall.

Irmgard wanted her cow to go with the rest, of course; so the very first night after the cow came she told her all about it.

"The cows will be going to pasture very soon," she said to her, "and you will want to go, I know, so I will let you. You are my very own cow, but I will let you go where the little flowers bloom and the grass is so green. Brother Peter says it is a most wonderful place. You can see the snow on the mountain top, while you eat the grass on the mountain side. You must grow fat, too," said Irmgard, "and give a great deal of milk; for when you come back in the fall I shall milk you myself."

The cow chewed her cud, and switched

## IRMGARD'S COW

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her tail, as she listened, but Irmgard knew by her eyes that she was anxious to go.

It was a great day when the cows went to the pasture. All the cows in town went. They wore bells about their necks, and marched in a long line. Irmgard's cow had ribbons on her horns, and the little girl thought she was the prettiest cow in the whole line.

Irmgard watched the cows as long as they were in sight. Once her cow looked back and called "Moo! moo!" just as if she were saying good-by.

"Good-by," cried Irmgard.

"Good-by," said Brother Peter and Sister Rose, who were going, too; and away they all went, leaving Irmgard in the valley.

Summer was a busy time for Irmgard. She was her mother's chief helper when Sister Rose was away, and there was always something for her to do. The days slipped by so quickly that she was really astonished one evening in the early fall, when her father came in from a trip with some travelers and said: —

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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"I passed the cows on the road to-day. They will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Irmgard, dancing with delight.

"Yes, to-morrow," said her father, "and your cow" — but here he stopped and put his hand over his mouth.

"I can't tell. It is a secret," he said, when Irmgard looked at him in wonder.

"Oh! father, father! please tell!" begged Irmgard. "What is it about my cow?"

But her father would not tell. "I can't tell, even if you guess it," he said, "for Brother Peter and Sister Rose said to me again and again: '*Don't tell Irmgard that her cow*'" —

Irmgard could not keep from guessing. "My cow gives more milk than any other cow!" No, that was not it, she knew by her father's smile. "Her milk is the richest!" Still she was wrong.

"Oh! mother," she cried, "what do you think it can be?"

"I am not going to guess," said her mother, "because it is a secret; but perhaps



## IRMGARD'S COW

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you will dream it when you go to sleep, to-night."

So Irmgard went to sleep, and dreamed all night of cool pastures and green grass and cows, but she could not dream what the wonderful secret was.

Early the next morning she went out and sat by the roadside, and waited and watched, — waited and watched until it seemed to her as if she could not wait another minute; and just about then she heard a sound far up the road. .

*Tinkle, tinkle!* Irmgard knew what that meant. The cows were coming!

*Tinkle, tinkle!* They were a little nearer.

*Tinkle, tinkle!* There they came!

The leader cow stepped proudly in front. Then came Irmgard's Aunt Gundel's cows. They were very sleek and very fat.

The herdsmen nodded to the little girl. "Good morning, Irmgard," they said, and they smiled as if they knew the secret.

Then came her next-door neighbor's cows. He was with them himself, and he, too, looked at Irmgard.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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"Good news for you," he called as he passed.

"Oh! what can it be? What can it be?" cried Irmgard. "Will they never come?"

At last her mother's cows came slowly down the path. There were six of them, and they greeted Irmgard with their soft, loving eyes. "We know," they seemed to say, "but we cannot tell."

Irmgard almost held her breath with excitement. There came Sister Rose (she was smiling) and Brother Peter (so was he) and her cow, — and close behind trotted the dearest, loveliest, frisky baby calf!

The secret was out, and Irmgard was the happiest little girl in Switzerland. Her cow had a calf.

*HANS  
AND HIS DOG*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Where can we find better companions for little children than among God's creatures, who give love for love?*

*The child who has never known the joy of having a pet has missed something from life more precious than all that wealth can buy.*

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# HANS AND HIS DOG

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Far away across the sea, in a country called Switzerland, there once lived a little boy whose name was Hans.

Switzerland is a wonderful country, full of beautiful snowy mountains, where gleaming ice fields shine, and dark pine forests grow.

Hans lived with his aunt and uncle in a village up among these mountains. He could not remember any other home, for his father and mother had died when he was a little baby, and his aunt and uncle, who had not a child of their own, had taken care of him ever since.

Hans's uncle was a guide. He showed the safest ways and best paths to the travelers, who came from all over the world to see the mountains.

Every summer the little town where Hans lived was full of strangers. Some of them came in carriages, some on foot;

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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some were rich, some were poor; but all of them wanted to climb to the mountain tops, where the snows are always white and dazzling against the blue sky.

The paths over the mountains are slippery and dangerous, leading across the ice fields by cracks and chasms most fearful to see. The travelers dared not climb them without some one to show the way, and nobody in the village knew the way so well as Hans's uncle.

The uncle was so brave and trusty that he was known throughout the whole country, and everybody who came to the mountains wanted him as a guide.

One day a Prince came, and no sooner had he rested from his journey than he sent for the uncle.

That very day Hans was five years old, and so his uncle told him that because it was his birthday, he, too, might go to see the Prince.

This was a great treat for Hans, and his aunt made haste to dress him in his best clothes.

## HANS AND HIS DOG

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"You must be good," she told him a dozen times before he set out with his uncle to the hotel where the Prince was staying.

When they got there they found everything in a bustle, for the place was full of fine ladies and gentlemen who had come with the Prince, and the servants were hurrying here and there to wait on them.

Nobody even saw the little boy, in holiday clothes, who tiptoed so quietly over the beautiful carpets. Nobody, I should say, but the Prince; for after the Prince had finished his business with Hans's uncle, he smiled at Hans and asked his name and how old he was. Hans was very proud to say that he was five years old that very day; and when the Prince heard this he took a gold piece from his purse and gave it to Hans.

"This is for a birthday present," he said, "and you must buy what you want most."

Hans could scarcely believe his own eyes. He ran every step of the way home, to show the gold piece to his aunt; and, when she saw it, she was almost as pleased as he was.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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“You must buy something that you can keep always,” she said. “What shall it be? — A silver chain!” she cried, clasping her hands at the thought of it. “A silver chain to wear upon your coat when you are a man, and have, perhaps, a watch to hang upon it! ’Twill be a fine thing to show — a silver chain that a Prince gave you!”

Hans was not certain that he wanted a chain more than anything else, but his aunt was very sure about it; so she gave the gold piece to a soldier cousin, who bought the chain in a city where he went to drill before the very Prince who had given Hans the money.

When the chain came the aunt called all the neighbors to see it. “The Prince himself gave the child the money that bought it,” she said over and over.

Hans thought the chain very fine; but after he had looked at it awhile he was quite willing that his aunt should put it away in the great chest where she kept the holiday clothes and best tablecloths.

The chain lay there so long that Hans



## HANS AND HIS DOG

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felt sorry for it, and wondered if it did not get lonely. He got lonely often himself, for there was nobody to play with him at his own home, and his aunt did not encourage him to play with other children. She liked a quiet house, she said, and she supposed that everybody else did.

Hans made no more noise than a mouse. He stayed a great deal in the stable with the cows. The cows and he were good friends. One of them, the oldest of all, had given milk for him when he was a baby, and he never forgot to carry her a handful of salt at milking time.

He often thought that he would rather have bought a cow with the gold piece than a silver chain; but he did not tell anybody, for fear of being laughed at.

Once he asked his aunt to let him play with the silver chain; but she held up her hands in amazement at the thought of such a thing. So the chain lay in the dark chest, as I have said, for a long time — nearly a year.

Then there was a great festival in the

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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town, and the aunt took the chain from its wrappings and fastened it about Hans's neck with a ribbon.

She and Hans had on their best clothes, and all the village was prepared for a holiday.

Flags were flying, fiddlers were playing gay tunes on their fiddles, and the drummer boy kept time on his drum and made a great noise.

In the middle of the village square was a merry-go-round, which Hans and the other children liked best of all.

"If you are good, you shall ride," said Hans's aunt, as she hurried him on to the place where the strong men of the village were lifting great stones to show their strength. Then the swift runners ran races, and the skilful marksmen shot at targets.

Oh! Hans was tired before he saw half the sights; and he wished that his aunt would remember about the merry-go-round. He did not like to worry her, though, so he sat down on a doorstep to rest, while she talked to her friends in the crowd.

## HANS AND HIS DOG

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By and by a man with a covered basket came and sat down beside him. He put the basket down on the step, and Hans heard a queer little grumbling sound inside. "Oh! yes," said the man, "you want to get out."

"Row, row!" said the thing in the basket.

When the man saw how surprised Hans looked he lifted the lid of the basket and let him peep in. What do you think was in the basket? The dearest baby puppy that Hans had ever seen.

"There," said the man, shutting down the lid, "there is the finest Saint Bernard dog in Switzerland. Do you know anybody who might want to buy him?"

"Are you going to sell him?" asked Hans.

"Yes, indeed," said the man. "How would you like to buy him yourself?"

"I!" said Hans. "Oh! I would rather have him than anything in the world; but I haven't any money. I haven't anything of my own but this silver chain."

"Is that yours?" asked the man. "It is a very fine chain."

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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"Oh, yes," cried Hans. "But I would a thousand times rather have a dog."

"Well, then," said the man, "if you are sure that the chain is yours and if you want the dog so much, I'll let you have him for it, although he's worth a fortune."

And so, in less time than I take to tell it, the chain was off of Hans's neck and the dog was in his arms.

Then he ran to find his aunt. "Oh, Aunt!" he called, even before he reached her, "look at this beautiful dog. He is my very own. The man let me have him for my silver chain."

"Your silver chain!" cried his aunt angrily, coming to meet him in haste. "Your silver chain! What do you mean, you stupid child? Not the silver chain that was bought for your birthday? Not the silver chain that the Prince gave you? A nice bargain, indeed! Where is the man?" and, catching the child by the hand, she hurried back through the crowd so fast that he almost had to run to keep up with her. The great tears rolled down Hans's cheeks

## HANS AND HIS DOG

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and on to the dog's back, but his aunt did not notice them. She scolded and scolded as she made her way back to the doorstep.

When they got there the man was nowhere to be seen, and nobody could tell them which way he had gone. So, although they looked for him until almost dark, they had to go home without finding him.

Hans still carried the dog in his arms, and all the neighbors they met stopped to ask if silly Hans had really given his silver chain for a dog, as they had heard.

His aunt had a great deal to say to them, but Hans said nothing at all. He only hugged the dog closer, and wondered how long it would be before he would have to give him up.

But Hans's aunt let him keep the dog in spite of her scolding. "A dog is better than nothing," she said.

Hans named him Prince, for after all the dog was the Prince's birthday present.

At first Prince did nothing but sleep and eat. Then he began to grow, oh! so fast.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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By the time he had lived two years in the house he was a great, fine dog, with long thick hair and soft loving eyes. He was very beautiful. All the travelers who came in the summer to see the mountains said so, and even Hans's aunt thought so, although she did not love the dog.

Hans was never lonely after Prince came. Even at night they stayed together; and in the winter Hans would put his arms about his friend's shaggy neck and sleep close beside him to keep warm.

The winters are very cold in the country where Hans lived. The winds whistle through the pine trees, and the snow comes down for days, till the valleys are as white as the mountain tops.

Few travelers go to the mountains then. They are afraid of the bad roads, and of the snow, which sometimes slides down the mountain side in great masses, burying everything in its way.

Hans's uncle knew many stories of travelers who had been lost in the snow, and he told, too, of some good men, living in the

## HANS AND HIS DOG

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mountains, who sent their dogs out to find and help people who were lost; — “dogs like our Prince here,” he would say; and Hans would hug Prince and say: —

“Do you hear? Your uncles and cousins and brothers save people out of the cold snow.”

Prince would bark sharply whenever Hans told him this, just as if he were proud. He knew all about travelers, and snow, for, often, Hans’s uncle took him on short trips over the mountains.

Hans always let him go, willingly, with his good uncle; but one day when his soldier cousin (the one who had bought the silver chain in the city) asked if he might take the dog with him for a day, Hans was very sorry to let Prince go.

“Fie!” said his aunt, when she saw his sorrowful face. “What harm could come to a great dog like that?”

But Hans was not satisfied. All day long his heart was heavy, and when, in the afternoon, the little white snowflakes came flying down he watched for the return of

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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his soldier cousin and the dog with anxious eyes.

After a long while he heard a great laughing and talking on the road, and he ran out to see who was coming.

It was the soldier cousin with a party of friends, and they laughed still more when they saw Hans.

“Little Hans! little Hans!” cried one of them, “this fine cousin of yours has forgotten your dog.”

“Forgotten my dog!” said Hans. “What do you mean?”

“He was asleep behind the stove at the inn,” said the soldier cousin, who looked very much ashamed of himself.

“And he never missed him until now,” cried the friends. “Think of that — a great dog like Prince!”

Hans looked from one to another with tears in his eyes; but they were all too busy with their joking to notice him. Only the soldier cousin, who was really sorry for his carelessness, tried to comfort him.

“He’ll be here,” he said, patting Hans



## HANS AND HIS DOG

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on the head, "by milking time, I warrant; for he is wise enough to take care of himself anywhere."

"Wiser than you," laughed the rest; and they all went off merrily, leaving the little boy standing in the road.

He scarcely saw them go, for he was thinking of the night so near at hand, and the winds and the snow slides. How could the dear dog find his way through the darkness alone?

"I will go for him in the morning, if he does not come home to-night," called the soldier cousin.

But morning seemed very far away to the dog's anxious little master, and the big tears began to roll down his cheeks.

Just then a thought sprang into his mind, as thoughts will. "Why not go yourself for him, now?" was the thought.

He clapped his hands joyfully. Of course he could go. He knew the way, for he had been to the inn only the summer before with his uncle.

The loud winds whistled, and the snow-

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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flakes kissed his cheeks and his nose; but he thought of his playmate and started out bravely.

“Moo! moo!” called the old cow from the stable. Hans knew her voice. “Bring me my salt,” she seemed to say.

“When I come back,” he answered, as he struggled up the frozen road.

He was very cold, for he had even forgotten his cap in his haste; but the snowflakes powdered his hair till he looked as if he wore a white one.

He could scarcely pucker up his mouth to whistle. His feet were numb and his fingers tingled, and the wind sang in his ears till he was as sleepy as sleepy could be.

“I’ll sit down and rest,” said Hans to himself, “and then I can go faster.” But when he sat down he could not keep his eyes open, and before many minutes he was fast asleep and lay in a little dark heap on the white snow.

“Let’s cover him up,” said the snowflakes, hurrying down; but before they had time to whiten his clothes a great big beau-

## HANS AND HIS DOG

---

tiful Saint Bernard dog came bounding down the road.

It was Prince. He had waked up from his nap behind the stove, and hastened after the soldier cousin as fast as his four feet could carry him. He was not afraid of the night or the snow, and he was as warm as toast in his shaggy coat.

He was thinking of Hans as he hurried along — when, suddenly, he spied him lying there so still by the roadside!

In an instant the good dog sprang to the child's side, barking furiously, for every dog in Switzerland knows that those who sleep on snow pillows seldom wake up.

“Bow-wow! Bow-wow!” he barked loud and long. “Bow-wow! Bow-wow!” which meant, in his language, “Little master, wake up!”

But Hans was dreaming of the mountains where the travelers went, and did not hear.

“Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Wake up! Wake up!” called the dog; and he licked Hans's face and tugged at his coat, pulling him along with his strong teeth.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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"You can't wake him up," said the wind.

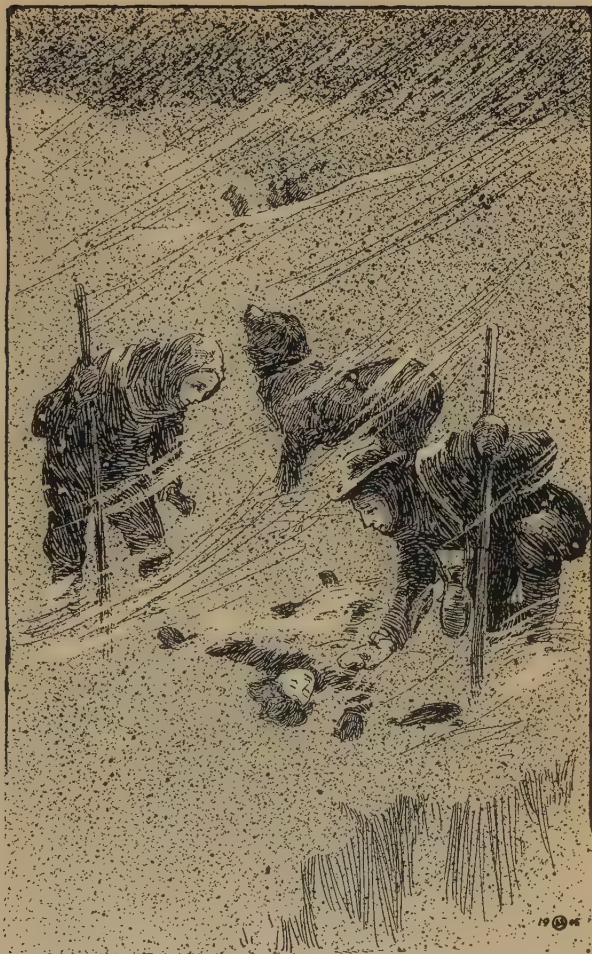
"Bow-wow! I can," barked Prince; and he ran down the road and called for help: "Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

The sound of his voice reached the village, where everything was as quiet as the snow itself. The cows heard it first and mooed in their stalls. The soldier cousin heard it, on his way to Hans's house, where he was going to find out whether Prince had come back. Hans's uncle and aunt heard it as they searched through the house for their little boy. The neighbors heard it, and opened their doors to listen.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

"Something is wrong," said the people, and they all hurried out of their houses, away from their fires and their suppers, up the mountain side, till they came to the spot where the faithful dog kept guard over his little master.

Hans's uncle is never tired of telling how



The faithful dog kept guard over his little master.



## HANS AND HIS DOG

---

Prince saved Hans. He tells it on the long winter evenings when the winds whistle through the pines, and he tells it in summer to the travelers as they climb the mountains.

Hans thinks it is more beautiful than a fairy story, and so does his aunt; for ever since that snowy night she is ready to agree that the dear dog is better than all the silver chains in the world.





*THE TWO PATHS*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Only in good your child will find  
Freedom of body, soul, and mind.*





He was running and jumping and skipping along his way.

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# THE TWO PATHS

---

In a certain country of which I know, there are two paths. One is straight and long and narrow, but the other is crooked and goes winding in and out, twisting and turning, till you cannot see the end of it.

Now one day there came to these two paths a little boy whose feet were swift as a swallow's wings. He was running and jumping and skipping along his way, but when he came to the two paths he stopped and said to himself: "Which path shall I take?"

The straight path was bright and clean. On either side of it grew trees that reached their branches toward the sky. The tiny buds of flowers peeped out of the grass, and it looked as if it might be the very same path that led by the little boy's own home.

The crooked path was full of flowers as far as the little boy could see — which was not far, you know. They hung in great clusters from the tangled vines that twined around the trees that bent their branches

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

over the crooked path; and they looked so bright and smelled so sweet that the little boy thought he must go that way.

He could not run along the crooked path, for it twisted and turned so that he could not see straight ahead of him; and the branches of the trees hung down so low that he could not stand straight, but had to go bending and creeping under them till his back was tired. The flowers, too, were so sweet that the smell of them made him dizzy; and when he tried to hurry he stumbled over the roots of the trees that grew out of the ground.

By and by he came to a crooked house that stood by the crooked path. The chimneys were crooked, the doors were crooked, the steps were crooked, the very nails that held it together were crooked; — and well they might be, for the house belonged to a crooked man. There he was in his crooked yard walking by the aid of a crooked stick when the little boy came toiling along!

The crooked man had crept so long

## THE TWO PATHS

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under the vines and branches of his crooked path that nothing he did was straight. He said crooked words and did crooked deeds, and he wouldn't look you straight in the eyes for anything, for fear you might see his crooked thoughts.

When he saw the little boy coming, he said to himself: "Here is a little boy who will be just like me some day"; and he thought he would ask him to come in.

But when the little boy saw the crooked man he scrambled through the vines away from the path, into a wood which lay on one side. There were no paths in the wood, and he did not know where to go; so he wandered about till he came to a stream of water that flowed through the grasses.

In this stream were many tiny fishes; and when the little boy saw them he forgot his troubles and stopped to watch the fishes at their play. They darted here and darted there, and when the child put his hands into the water, one swam so close that he caught it and brought it out, that he might see it better. But when the fish was out

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

of the shining stream it was not happy. It lay still and gasped for breath.

“What is the matter?” said the child; and he threw the fish into the stream again.

“I was in the wrong place and could not swim,” called the fish, as it swam off merrily.

“I am in the wrong place now,” said the little boy, bursting into tears, “and I am afraid.”

“Oh! don’t be afraid,” said the fish, “but hold up your head and look straight in front of you and walk straight ahead and nothing can harm you.”

Then the little boy held up his head and walked through the wood. He did not look to the right nor the left; and if the branches hung in his way he pushed them aside.

After a while he got out of the woods and came to the straight path and ran along it with feet as swift as a swallow’s wings. The sun shone, the buds were pink in the grass, the birds sang, and the little boy was glad, for he knew that he was far from the crooked man’s house and very near his own home.



*PATTIE'S  
NEW DRESS*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Is it not well from time to time to call the child's attention to the series of conditions which must be fulfilled before it is possible for him to have the things that contribute to his comfort and happiness? \**

\* See Commentary of the Play of the Grass Mowing — Miss Blow.

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# PATTIE'S NEW DRESS

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When Pattie was a little girl, long, long ago, many of the things that we buy now from stores were made at home. There were home-made carpets, and home-made stockings, and home-made dollies, and when Pattie needed a warm new dress, her Grandmother said: —

“I’ll spin the wool for it.”

“And I’ll weave the cloth,” said Rachel, who was the oldest girl in the family.

“And I’ll make the dress,” said the little girl’s mother, “by the new pattern that Miss Evangelina Page has just brought home from her cousin’s. She was telling me about it yesterday, and it will fit Pattie I know.”

The sheep had given the wool from their backs for Pattie’s new dress. It was as soft as down, and as white as milk, and as beautiful as snow, so Pattie thought. Grandmother carded it fine and smooth, fastened

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

it on her spindle and sent the spinning wheel whirling round.

“Zummmmmmmmmmm,” sang the wheel as it turned, “Zummmmmmmmmmm.” Pattie’s Brother Joe said it sounded as if there were bees in the room. “Zummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.”

“A hum and a whirl, a twist and a twirl, that is the way good yarn is spun,” said Grandmother as she drew the thread out from the fleecy wool.

Pattie stood by to watch her spin, with a smile on her lips, and a laugh in her eyes, and more questions on the tip of her rosy tongue than Grandmother had time to answer.

“Will there be a pocket in my new dress?” she asked, “and buttons down the back? And oh, Grandmother, what color is it going to be?”

“I know,” said Brother Joe who had just come in from the woods with a bundle of walnut bark, “the color of a — chestnut.”

“Brown, brown, brown,” cried Pattie; and sure enough, when her Mother dipped



“Brown, brown, brown,” cried Pattie, when her mother dipped the yarn into the dye.



## PATTIE'S NEW DRESS

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the yarn into the dye which she made with the walnut bark, it came out a beautiful brown just as Pattie had guessed.

Then Sister Rachel fastened the yarn into the loom and began to weave. The treadle went up and the treadle went down with a click and a clack, such a merry sound, and away sprang the shuttle to carry the thread under and over, and in and out. The cloth grew as if by magic in the loom, and when it was almost woven Pattie was sent to get the pattern.

She was delighted to go on such an errand and she told everybody she met about her new dress.

"Good morning," she said, "I am going to have a new brown dress. Mother is going to begin it this very day, just as soon as I get the pattern from Miss Evangelina Page."

Everybody was glad to hear about it too. Even the old pedler, who drove about from house to house selling pans and buckets, said he had not heard such good news since the day that Peggy Carter's speckled hen,

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

down at the Crossroads, came off her nest with fifteen chickens.

The pedler had known Pattie ever since she was a baby, and he let her ride in his wagon all the way from her Aunt Susan's house to Miss Evangelina's gate.

Miss Evangelina Page had more patterns than anybody in town and nothing pleased her more than to lend them. As soon as she heard what Pattie wanted she put on her spectacles and got the pattern out of her top bureau drawer.

"Cousin Mary Ann Carter's Peggy had a dress made by this very pattern," she said, as she rolled it up in a neat little bundle and tied a pink string around it.

"Did it have a pocket?" asked Pattie.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Evangelina, "Two of them, bound with red braid, and — oh, yes, you tell your mother that I say she must be sure to cut the ruffles on the bias."

Pattie did not know what that meant, but she said the message over and over and when she got home she had not forgotten a



## PATTIE'S NEW DRESS

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word of it. Rachel had taken the cloth out of the loom and Mother was all ready to begin the dress. Snip, snip, snip went her scissors sharp, and stitch, stitch, stitch flew her shining needle. Long after Pattie was in bed and fast asleep that night, she was busy sewing. Grandmother and Rachel helped too, and the dress was finished the very next day.

It had pockets, two of them, bound with red braid, and ruffles on the skirt, and buttons down the back like a row of red berries. Pattie wore it when she carried the pattern back to Miss Evangelina Page, and everybody she met had something to say about it. Jack Frost had come in the night and the wintry winds had begun to blow, but she did not care.

"I'm warm as toast in my new woolen dress," said little girl Pattie.



*OUT OF THE NEST*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*All the heart of the child with pity is stirred  
At the sweetness and weakness of a dear nestling bird.  
Oh! foster the feeling, for here will begin  
His knowledge that all the wide world is akin.*

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# OUT OF THE NEST

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Once upon a time a mother-bird and father-bird built a nest in a tree.

It was made of straw and leaves and all sorts of wonderful things, and even had lace trimmings on it.

Soon after the nest was finished, the mother-bird put two eggs in it, and then she and father-bird thought of nothing but keeping those eggs safe and warm.

Mother-bird sat upon them day and night; and even when father-bird would say, "You really must fly about a little and let me take care of the eggs," she did not like to leave them.

After a while two little birds came out of the shells, — which was just what she had been hoping for all the long time. The baby-birds were both so weak and small that they could do nothing at all for themselves but open their mouths very wide and call "Peep, peep! mother dear, peep!" Mother-bird and father-bird were busy all day getting them something to eat.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

By and by, they began to grow; and then they had soft feather clothes to wear, which are the best clothes in the world for baby-birds.

Mother-bird said to them one day: "You are almost ready to learn to fly"; and then they felt very large.

That same day, mother-bird and father-bird flew away together to get something for dinner; and while they were gone the little birds heard a very queer noise which seemed to come from a pond near their tree. This is the way it sounded: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!"

"Oh! what can it be?" said the sister-bird.

"I'll peep over the side of the nest and see," said her brother.

But when he put his head out he could see nothing, although he heard the sound very plainly: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!" Then he leaned out a little farther and a little farther, till his head was dizzy. "Peep, peep! You'll fall!" cried the sister-bird; and, sure enough, she had scarcely said it

## OUT OF THE NEST

---

before he tumbled out of the nest, down, down to the ground!

He was not hurt, but oh, how frightened he was! "Peep, peep! mother dear, peep!" he cried.

"Peep!" cried the sister-bird up in the nest; but the mother and father were too far away to hear their calls.

The brother-bird hopped about on the ground and looked around him. He was near the pond now, and the sound was very loud: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk! Kerchunk!"

"Peep, peep, peep!" called the birdie; and in a moment up hopped a big frog.

This was an old school-teacher frog, and he had been teaching all the little frogs to sing.

He hopped right up to the brother-bird. "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!" said he. "How can I teach my frogs to sing when you are making such a noise?"

"Peep, peep! I want my mama," said the baby-bird.

Then the big frog saw how young the birdie was, and he was sorry for him.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

“Come with me,” he said, “and I will teach you to sing.”

But the baby-bird only cried louder than ever at this, and a mother-dove, who was singing her babies to sleep in a neighboring tree, flew down to see what could be the matter.

“I can’t begin to get my children to sleep in all this fuss,” she said to the frog; but when she saw the little bird she was just as sorry as the frog had been.

“Poor, dear baby,” she cried; “I will fly right off and find your mama for you.” So she told her children to be good and quiet, and then away she flew.

Before long she met the father and mother and they all came back in a great hurry.

Then they tried to get the baby-bird into the nest again.

“He’s entirely too young to be out of the nest,” cried his mother, “and he must get in again at once.”

“Spread your wings and fly as I do,” said the father-bird.

So the baby-bird spread his wings and



## OUT OF THE NEST

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tried to fly; but try as he would he could not reach the nest in the tree.

“Put him into my school and I will teach him to swim,” said the frog; “that is better than flying, and a great deal easier to learn, I am sure.”

This was so kind in the frog that the mother-bird thanked him; but she said that she had to be very careful with her children, and that she was afraid the water might give the little bird a cold.

While they were talking, they heard somebody coming along, whistling the jolliest tune!

“Dear me! Dear me!” cried the birds. “There comes a boy!”

“He’s apt to have stones in his pocket,” said the frog.

“He will carry my darling off and put him in a cage! Oh, fly! fly!” begged the mother-bird. But before the baby-bird even had time to say “peep!” the boy came in sight.

Then the father-bird flew over the boy’s head and the mother-bird down in front of

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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him. The frog croaked and the dove cooed, but none of them could hide the little bird from him.

"If you hurt him I'll peck your eyes out!" cried the poor mother, who hardly knew what she was saying; but the boy picked the little bird up, just as if he did not hear her.

"Oh! what shall I do!" cried the mother-bird.

Then the boy looked at her and at the baby-bird and up in the tree where the nest was.

"Coo, coo, coo! I think I know what he's going to do," said the dove.

"There's no telling," croaked the frog; and they all watched and wondered while the boy put the bird in his pocket and began to climb the tree.

He swung himself from branch to branch, climbing higher all the time, until at last he reached the pretty nest where the sister-bird waited for her mama to come home.

Mother-bird and father-bird flew to the top of the tree to watch the boy.





He put the brother-bird back in the nest.

## OUT OF THE NEST

---

“Suppose he should take her, too,” said the mother-bird. But what do *you* think he did? — Yes, indeed! He put the brother-bird back in the nest, as well as the mother-bird could have done it herself.

“Thank you! Thank you!” sang the mother and father, as the boy scrambled down again.

“Peep, peep! Thank you!” called the little birds from the nest.

“Coo, coo! I knew,” cried the dove.

“Kerchunk! Kerchunk! I should like to have him in my school,” said the frog as he hopped away to his pond.

And that is the end of my story.



*THE  
TURKEY'S NEST*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*To one great story do we all belong; yet each one has  
story of his own.*



---

# THE TURKEY'S NEST

---

One day the old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way, and she took a long time to find it, but, when at last she had suited herself, she said, —

*“They may go to the East and go to the West,*

*But they’ll never be able to find my nest”;*

and she felt so proud of herself that she walked all the way home with her head in the air.

When she got home to the barnyard her friends were talking about her. There was the Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen, and when they saw her coming, they called, “Where in the world did you make your nest?”

“Guess,” said the turkey hen, and then they were puzzled.

“Well,” said the Gray Goose at last,

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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“when I go to make my nest I always try to get near the water, for there’s nothing so good for my health — so I’ll guess the goose pond.”

“Right,” cried the Duck, “I’ll quite agree. The pond is just the place for a family.”

“The idea,” said the Brown Hen, chuckling to herself, “why what could be healthier than hay, or straw! I’ll guess the haystack.”

*But though they did their very best  
They never could guess where she’d made her  
nest.*

The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder, and she walked about the barnyard like a queen. One day the cook saw her, and said to the children, “Certain and sure that old turkey hen has made herself a nest somewhere.”

“Then I’ll find it,” said Cousin Pen, who had come to pay a visit on the farm.

“Then *I’ll* find it,” cried Brother Fred. “She can’t hide a nest from me.”

## THE TURKEY'S NEST

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"Then I'll find it," said little Ben. And they all started out to look for it.

Cousin Pen went down in the hollow and looked in the grasses, and leaves, and looked in the stumps and hollow trees.

*But though she did her very best  
She couldn't find the turkey's nest.*

Brother Fred went up on the hill to the gin-house, and down in the cotton field, and round by the goose pond where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

*But though he did his very best  
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.*

Little Ben began at home to look. He looked under the house and behind the wood-pile, and in the barn, and out by the haystack; and while he was tipping about out there he frightened the Brown Hen from her nest, and she quarreled half the day about it.

*But though he did his very best,  
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.*

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

Then Mama said she must go and look, so she put on her bonnet and went to the wood-lot, and sat down under a tree just as quiet as she could be. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw Mama and Mama saw *her*, but neither of them said a word. The turkey hen walked round and round in the wood-lot just as if she wasn't thinking about anything, but at last she went through the big gate into the road.

Then Mama got up and followed her, just as still as a mouse, and the turkey hen

*Went up the hill and down the hill,  
And through the fields and by the mill,  
And down across the meadow brook,  
By many a turn and many a crook.  
She went to the East and she went to the West,  
But she never went near her hidden nest.*

"I'll give up," said Mama, and the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.

Then Papa said that he must try; and early one morning before the children were awake he got up and started out to find the turkey's nest.



Went up the hill and down the hill,  
And through the fields and by the mill.



## THE TURKEY'S NEST

---

"He'll find it if anybody can," said Brother Fred, when he was told, and the children could scarcely wait for him to come home again.

He stayed so long that they went down the lane to meet him, and when he saw them coming he called out —

*"I declare I've done my very best,  
But I can't find that turkey's nest."*

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time then, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said they wouldn't be surprised at anything she did.

But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys, as fine as you please, walking behind her.

"Just look here," she said, "at my children. I hatched them all out in my nest down in the corner of the old rail fence."

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

And she added, as they gathered around to see: —

*“I tell you what, I did my best,  
When I found that place to make my nest!”*



*THE BIRTHDAY  
PRESENT*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*The child will miss the joy of living,  
Unless he learns the joy of giving.*

---

# THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

---

One afternoon, as Mama sat out on the long porch, paring apples, the children came running in. There were Cousin Pen, who was visiting at the farm, and Brother Fred and little Ben, and they all began to talk at the same time.

"To-morrow is Grandmother's birthday," they cried. "What can we give her for a birthday present?"

"I think a silk dress would be nice if we had enough money to buy it," said Cousin Pen.

"Let's give her a watermelon, the biggest one we can find," said Brother Fred.

"Or one of the new kittens; Grandmother likes cats," said little Ben.

"A roll of fresh butter, as yellow as gold and as sweet as clover," said Mama, "if you will do the churning yourselves."

"Oh, yes, we will churn," promised the children, and they ran off to their play, well

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

satisfied, for they could think of nothing nicer than a roll of fresh butter as yellow as gold and as sweet as clover, for Grandmother's birthday present.

By and by the cows came home. Their names were Daisy and Dandelion and Dolly, and as soon as the children heard the tinkle of their bells in the lane they made haste to open the big back gate, for it was milking time.

Papa milked, and when he carried his buckets of sweet white milk to the house, Mama strained the milk into the bright tin pans that stood in a row on the dairy room shelves. The next afternoon every pan was covered with thick yellow cream, all ready for the churning. Mama skimmed the cream into the great stone churn.

"Who will churn first?" she asked.

"I will," said Cousin Pen. "I like to make the dasher go dancing up and down."

So Cousin Pen put on one of Mama's gingham aprons and began to churn. "It is easy to churn," she said at first, but after a little her arms grew tired and the dasher

## THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

---

grew heavy. She did not think of giving up, though, for she was churning to get her Grandmother's birthday butter, and the dasher seemed to say to her as it splashed up and down: —

*Oh, the cream to butter's turning,  
In the churning, churning, churning.  
It will turn, turn, turn,  
As you churn, churn, churn,  
All the cream to butter turning,  
In the churning, churning, churning.*

"Brother Fred's time," called Mama, and Brother Fred came running up the kitchen steps to take the dasher from Cousin Pen.

"I think it is fun to churn. I don't believe I will ever get tired," he said.

He did get tired, but he would not stop even to rest, for he was churning to get his Grandmother's birthday butter, and the dasher seemed to say to him: —

*Hear the buttermilk a-bumming,  
For the yellow butter's coming.  
It will come, come, come,*

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

*With a bum, bum, bum,  
All the buttermilk a-bumming,  
When the yellow butter's coming.*

"Little Ben's time," called Mama. Little Ben had to stand on a box to churn, and his cheeks were as red as roses as he worked away.

"Don't you want us to help you?" asked the other children.

"No, indeed," said little Ben; "I guess I can churn to get my Grandmother some birthday butter," and he churned with a will, till the dasher seemed to say to him: —

*Bum, bum,  
Butter's come.*

Mama looked in the churn, and sure enough the flakes of golden butter were floating on the milk.

"Hurrah!" cried little Ben, "Hurrah!" cried Cousin Pen and Brother Fred, and they hurried into the kitchen to watch Mama as she gathered the butter, and worked it, and salted it, and patted it into a





“Grandmother, Grandmother, guess what we have brought you for a birthday present.”



## THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

---

very fine roll. When she had done that she printed a star on top of the roll, and the butter was ready to take to Grandmother.

"You must make Grandmother guess what it is," said Mama, as she put the butter into a nice little basket and covered it with a white napkin.

"All right," said the children; so when they got to Grandmother's house they called, "Grandmother, Grandmother, guess what we have brought you for a birthday present.

"It is yellow as gold," said Brother Fred.

"It's sweet as clover," said Cousin Pen.

"We churned it ourselves," said little Ben; and Grandmother guessed what it was with her very first guess.

"It is just what I wanted," she said, and she kissed them every one. She had been thinking about them, too, all the long day, and she had baked a beautiful birthday cake for their tea.

Mama and Papa came to tea, and all together they had a merry time.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

The children thought the birthday cake was the nicest thing they had ever tasted, but Grandmother said she thought nothing could be nicer than her birthday butter.

*THE  
LITTLE SHEPHERD*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*O Mother watching o'er your child,  
To guard his innocence and beauty,  
Forget not that he too must learn,  
With faithful heart, to do his duty.*

---

# THE LITTLE SHEPHERD

---

The shepherd was sick and the shepherd's wife looked out from her door with anxious eyes. "Who will carry the sheep to the pasture lands to-day?" she said to her little boy Jean.

"I will," cried Jean, "I will. Mother, let me."

Jean and his father and mother lived long ago in a sunny land across the sea where flowers bloom, and birds sing, and shepherds feed their flocks in the green valleys. Every morning, as soon as it was light, Jean's father was up and away with his sheep. He had never missed a morning before, and the sheep were bleating in the fold as if to say, "Don't forget us to-day."

The sheep were Jean's playfellows. There was nothing he liked better than to wander with them in the pleasant pastures, and already they knew his voice and followed at his call.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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“Let the lad go,” said his old grandfather. “When I was no older than he I watched my father’s flock.”

Jean’s father said the same thing, so the mother made haste to get the little boy ready.

“Eat your dinner when the shadows lie straight across the grass,” she said as she kissed him good-by.

“And keep the sheep from the forest paths,” called his sick father.

“And watch, for it is when the shepherd is not watching that the wolf comes to the flock,” said the old grandfather.

“Never fear,” said little Jean. “The wolf shall not have any of my white lambs.”

There were white sheep and black sheep and frolicsome lambs in the shepherd’s flock, and each one had a name of its own. There was Babbette, and Nannette, and Pierrot, and Jeannot, — I cannot tell them all, but Jean knew every name.

“Come, Bettine and Marie. Come, Pierrot and Croisette. Come, pretty ones all,” he called as he led them from the fold that

## THE LITTLE SHEPHERD

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day. "I will carry you to the meadows where the daisies grow."

"Baa," answered the sheep, well satisfied, as they followed him down the king's highway, and over the hill to the pasture lands.

The other shepherds were already there with their flocks, so Jean was not lonely. He watered his sheep at the dancing brook that ran through the flowers, and led them along its shady banks to feed in the sunny fields beyond, and not one lambkin strayed from his care to the forest paths.

The forest lay dim and shadowy on one side of the pasture lands. The deer lived there, and the boars that fed upon acorns, and many other creatures that loved the wild woods. There had been wolves in the forest, but the king's knights had driven them away and the shepherds feared them no longer. Only the old men like Jean's grandfather, and the little boys like Jean, talked of them still.

Jean was not afraid. Oh, no. There was not a lamb in the flock so merry and

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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fearless as he. He sang with the birds and ran with the brook, and laughed till the echoes laughed with him as he watched the sheep from early morn to noon, when the shadows fell straight across the grass and it was time for him to eat his dinner.

There were little cakes in Jean's dinner basket. He had seen his mother put them there, but he had not tasted a single one when, out on the king's highway, beyond the hill, he heard the sound of pipes and drums, and the tramp, tramp of many feet.

The other shepherds heard too, and they began to listen and to stare and to run. "The king and his knights are coming," they cried. "Come let us see them as they pass by."

"Who will take care of the sheep?" asked Jean, but nobody answered, so he too left his dinner and ran with the rest, away from the pastures and up the hillside path that led to the highway.

"How pleased my mother will be when I tell her that I have seen the king," he said to himself, and he was hurrying over



## THE LITTLE SHEPHERD

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the hill top when all at once he remembered the forest, and the wolf, and his grandfather's words.

"Come on," called the others.

"I must stay with the sheep," answered he; and he turned and went back, though the pipes and drums all seemed to say, "Come this way, come this way." He could scarcely keep from crying as he listened.

There was nothing in sight to harm the sheep, and the pasture lands were quiet and peaceful, but into the forest that very day a hungry gray wolf had come. His eyes were bright and his ears were sharp and his four feet were as soft as velvet, as he came creeping, creeping, creeping under the bushes and through the tanglewood. He put his nose out and sniffed the air, and he put his head out and spied the sheep left alone in the meadows. "Now's my chance," he said, and out he sprang just as little Jean came down the hill.

"Wolf, wolf, wolf!" shouted Jean. "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" He was only a little boy, but

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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he was brave and his voice rang clear as a bugle call over the valley, and over the hill, "Wolf, wolf, wolf!"

The shepherds and knights and the king himself came running and riding to answer his cry, and as for the gray wolf, he did not even stop to look behind him as he sped away to the forest shades. He ran so fast and he ran so far that he never was seen in the king's country again, though the shepherds in the pastures watched for him day after day.

Jean led his flock home at even tide, white sheep and black sheep and frolicsome lambs, not one was missing.

"Was the day long?" asked his mother who was watching in the doorway for him.

"Are the sheep all in?" called the sick father.

"Did the wolf come?" said the old grandfather; but there is no need for me to tell you what *Jean* said. You can imagine that for yourself.

*THE BROKEN  
WINDOW PANE*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Early help the child to know  
That as, through curtained window pane,  
The sunlight cannot enter in,  
So his soul's joy may darkened be  
By careless deed or childish sin.*

*But when the curtain's drawn aside,  
The room again is filled with light,  
So with God's light the soul will shine  
Whene'er the wrong is set aright.*

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# THE BROKEN WINDOW PANE

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It was the day after Christmas when Jack broke the window pane. He was playing with his fine new ball that Santa Claus had brought him, and he had just said to himself, as he tossed it up, "This time it will go as high as the house top," when, crash the ball went right into the little window and the glass came shivering down.

The little window was in Jack's own room. He could lie in bed at night and see the twinkling stars and the shining moon through its bright panes, and every morning the sunbeams came streaming in to fill the room with golden light. There were four panes of glass, each one as clear as crystal, and not one had ever been broken before that Jack could remember.

The north wind that had been singing all day in the tree tops hurried into the house through the broken glass. It rattled the window and slammed the door and

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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made such a stir in the little boy's room that his mother went in to see what was the matter.

"Dear me, dear me!" she said when she saw the broken window pane, and she made haste to sweep up the broken bits of glass and to fasten a blanket across the window.

"It would never do to have the north wind in the house on a day like this, she said as she closed the door and went back to her work. She was still talking about it when Jack came in from the yard.

"Of all the days in the year for such a thing to have happened," she said to the maid. "But I have fastened a blanket across the window, and that will keep the wind out till we can get a new glass."

She did not ask Jack any questions, though, and he did not say a word. He sat down behind the stove and listened to the north wind singing outside, "Oooooooo!

"Who broke the little window, who?

I know and so do you;"

that is what it seemed to say.

## THE BROKEN WINDOW PANE

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He did not like to hear it, so by and by he got up and went out to the barn where the hired man was mending the harness. The hired man was singing too: —

*“Yankee Doodle went to town  
Upon a little pony,  
He stuck a feather in his cap  
And called it Macaroni.”*

“Did I ever tell you about the panther that I saw when I was about your size?” he said when he saw Jack.

The hired man knew the nicest stories. They always were about bears, or squirrels, or panthers, but this day Jack did not care to listen. “Did you ever break a window?” he asked as soon as the story was ended.

“I don’t know that I ever did,” said the hired man, “Did you?” but somebody called Jack and he went out without answering.

The little boy who lived next door was calling. “If you will come over here I will show you my soldiers,” he said. “I got them

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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yesterday, and they are made of wood. Go ask your Mama if you may come."

But Jack did not feel like visiting. He went into the house again and up the stairs to his own room. The blanket was across the window just as his mother had said, and the room was as dark. It did not look like the same room that he had left only a little while before, even though his sled and his top and his new Christmas bank were there just where he had put them when he ran out to play with his ball. The ball was there too, lying under the bed where it had rolled when it came through the window, but Jack did not look for it. There was a lump in his throat and an ache in his heart, and he lay down on the bed and hid his face in the pillow.

He lay there so long that he fell asleep, and when he waked up his mother was in the room. It was growing late and she had a lighted candle in her hand that made the whole room bright.

"What was my little boy doing up here in the dark by himself?" she asked.







"Oh, mother, mother," cried Jack, "it was I who broke the window pane."

## THE BROKEN WINDOW PANE

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“Oh, mother, mother,” cried Jack, “it was I who broke the window pane. I —” but before he could say another word his mother’s arms were around him. She sat down on the bed and he sat close beside her and told her all about it. The lump had gone from his throat and the ache from his heart, and when the north wind rushed round the house singing its song “Oooooo,” it did not seem to say a word about the broken glass. The very next morning Jack went to town and bought a window pane as clear and as bright as the one he had broken. He paid for it too, with some of the money from his Christmas bank, and when he went home the hired man helped him to put it in the little window. The blanket was folded up and put away then, for the wind could not get in. Only the sunbeams could come through the little window and they streamed in to fill the room with golden light.



*THE  
STEPPING STONES*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Help your child to help himself,  
That strong within himself he'll be.  
The stepping stone to Life's fair goals,  
Is found in self-activity.*





“Dear me!” said she when she saw this, “I can never get over this mud puddle by myself.”



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# THE STEPPING STONES

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It had been raining, raining, raining, and Betty had not seen her Aunt Mary for three long days, so as soon as the sun shone bright again, she put her bonnet on and started out to pay her a visit.

Up the hill and down the hill, through the lane where the Japonica hedges grew, by the fields and over the stile — this was the way to Aunt Mary's house, and Betty skipped gaily along till she came to a mud puddle in the lane that stretched across from hedge to hedge.

"Dear me!" said she when she saw this, "I can never get over this mud puddle by myself, and she looked about anxiously for some one to help her. Nobody was in sight but a fat little frog, and he was entirely too fond of mud to sympathize with her. He splashed in and out and all about, and looked as if he was thinking, "What a very strange creature to stand on dry land when

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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she might be in this delightful puddle with me."

Betty sat down on a big gray stone under the hedge and watched him. Hop, jump, splish, splash he went.

"I wish I could jump over," said the little girl, but the mud puddle was too wide for that.

By and by a white duck came along. She belonged to Aunt Mary, and of course she knew Betty at once.

"Quack," she said, as she hurried into the puddle. "Quack, quack," which meant in her language, "Come paddle right in. What are you waiting for?"

"I wish my Uncle Jack would come for me in the wagon," said Betty, when the white duck had gone on to the farmyard, but Uncle Jack was at home and did not dream that Betty was waiting down there in the lane.

Sometimes the lane was full of wagons, but that day the only traveler was a buzzing bee who was in such a hurry to get to Aunt Mary's flower garden that she did not even

## THE STEPPING STONES

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see Betty, as she flew over the puddle and far away.

"Hum, hum, hum," she sang to herself, and her song was all about honey.

The spider, and the grasshopper, and the cricket who lived in the lane, came out from their homes to look at the little girl, and they talked about her among themselves.

"If I wanted to get over the puddle," said the spider, "I would spin a long thread from the branch of a tree, and swing across."

"I would hop through the hedge, and into the fields myself," said the grasshopper.

"The lane is pleasant here," chirped the cricket. "Why should she go on? I have lived here a long time."

"She will have to go home," croaked the frog, who had come from the puddle to sun himself. "Hear what I say, she can't get over"; and he had just settled himself for a nice little nap when Betty jumped up from her seat in such a hurry that he opened his eyes with a start, to see what was the matter,

"She is going to move the big gray stone," cried all the little watchers.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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"She never will do it," said he; but he scarcely had spoken when the stone rolled out of its place and into the puddle just where Betty wanted it to go.

There was another stone in the lane and she did not rest until this too was rolled into the puddle. Then she found a red brick that had been lying under the hedge waiting for somebody to move it for so long a time that not even the cricket could remember when it came there.

"Here's a fine stepping stone," cried she, when she spied it, and she made haste to throw it into the mud, beyond the stones, where it fell with a splash.

"What is she going to do now?" asked the spider, but before the grasshopper or the cricket could say a word, or the frog could croak again, Betty went stepping from stone to stone, across the mud puddle, and safe to the other side.

"That's the best way to get over puddles," she said to herself, and away she ran, down the lane, by the fields, and over the stile to Aunt Mary's.

*DUMPTY, THE PONY*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*If for his pets the child learns tender care,  
The planted thought unlooked for fruit may bear.  
An impulse given, in widening circles moves:  
He'll learn, ere long, to cherish all he loves.*

Miss Blow's Mottoes and Commentaries.

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# DUMPY, THE PONY

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There was once a little boy who had a very dear pony whose name was Dumpy.

His fairy godmother had given him this pony and she had said, "Here is a friend who will love you and serve you all the days of your life —

*"If when you eat, and when you drink,  
You will upon his comfort think,  
For he who for the beasts hath care,  
And with the birds his feast will share,  
Will find a blessing ev'rywhere."*

Dumpy the Pony liked to trot and canter and gallop away, and the little boy liked to ride, so they both were as happy as happy could be as long as the little boy remembered what his fairy godmother had said.

One day, however, he ate his fare and drank his fill, and ran off to his play without a thought of the friend in the barnyard who was waiting to greet him.

When Dumpy the Pony saw him going away he began to call: —

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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*“Stay, little boy, stay,  
I’m hungry to-day.”*

But the little boy was chasing a yellow butterfly and did not hear him. The yellow butterfly flew over the heath and over the fields, lighting on the flowers and whirling in the sunshine, and it seemed to say to the little boy: —

“Catch me if you can. Catch me if you can.”

So he ran after it over the heath and over the fields, through the flowers and out in the sunshine, answering gayly: —

“I’ll catch you if I can. I’ll catch you if I can.”

He did not think of Dumpy the Pony till the evening shadows began to gather and he went scampering home. When he got back to the barnyard his good friend Dumpy was nowhere to be seen. He looked in the barn and behind the barn and out in the wood-lot, but he could not find him anywhere, so he sat down on the wood-pile and began to cry: —





But the little boy was chasing a yellow butterfly and did not hear him.



## DUMPY, THE PONY

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*"What can I do? What can I say?  
My pretty pony's gone astray."*

He cried so loud that the baby birds who lived in a tree near by waked up and called, "Mother dear, mother dear!"

"Hush, hush!" said the mother bird; "it is only a little boy who is crying because he has lost his pony."

"Will he never find him again?" said the baby birds.

"When he rememebers what his fairy godmother told him," answered the grandfather owl, who was the wisest bird in the world.

The little boy could not remember what his fairy godmother had said, but early next morning he put some bread and cheese in his pocket and started out to go to her house, that he might ask her to help him.

There were yellow butterflies flying over the fields and over the heath, lighting on the flowers and whirling in the sunshine, but, though each one of them seemed to say, "Catch me if you can, catch me if you

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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can," the little boy would not run after them.

He went, instead, as fast as he could, down the long green lane that led to his fairy godmother's house, and he had not gone far before he met an old horse, who was limping along with a stone in his foot.

"Who will help me? Who will help me?" said the old horse.

"I will," said the little boy, for he thought of Dumpy the Pony, "I will"; and he ran to take the stone from the horse's foot.

"Bless you," said the old horse.

"Why do you bless me?" asked the child.

*"Oh, he who for the beasts bath care,  
And with the birds his feast will share,  
Will find a blessing ev'rywhere,"*

answered the old horse, and he galloped away down the long green lane, the very way that the little boy was going.

"Why, that's just what my fairy godmother says," cried the child, and he hurried after the horse to ask where he had learned it, but before he could overtake him

## DUMPY, THE PONY

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he came to a well by the wayside, and by the well stood a thirsty cow.

"Who will help me? Who will help me?" cried the thirsty cow.

"I will," answered the little boy, and he made haste to let down the bucket that she might have water to drink.

"Bless you," said the thirsty cow.

"Why do you bless me?" asked the child.

*"Oh, he who for the beasts hath care,  
And with the birds his feast will share,  
Will find a blessing ev'rywhere,"*

answered the old cow, and before the little boy could say a word she swished her tail over her back and trotted off down the long green lane, the very way that he was going.

The lane was long and the sun was hot and the little boy was tired, so he sat down on the grass to eat his bread and cheese, and while he was eating a hungry hen came up to watch him.

"Who will help me? Who will help me?" said the hungry hen.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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"I will," answered the little boy, as he divided his bread and cheese; "I will," and he gave her half of it.

"Bless you," said the hungry hen.

"Why do you bless me?" asked the child.

*"Oh, he who for the beasts bath care,  
And with the birds his feast will share,  
Will find a blessing ev'rywhere,"*

answered the hen, and she stretched out her wings and hurried away down the long green lane, the very way that the little boy was going.

She was soon out of sight, and the little boy went on alone till he came to the turning of the lane, where the house of his fairy godmother stood.

"Come in," said the fairy godmother, when he knocked at her door, and when he went in, there in his fairy godmother's house he saw the old horse and the thirsty cow and the hungry hen that he had met in the long green lane.

They were just as much at home as if they had been in a barn and when the

## DUMPY, THE PONY

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little boy had told his fairy godmother what he wanted and asked her to help him, she said to them,

“What do you say, my trusty friends?”

“He helped me,” answered the horse.

“He gave me drink,” said the cow.

“He fed me,” cried the hen, and when the fairy godmother had listened to them she opened her great back door, and there in her barnyard what do you think the little boy saw? Dumpy the Pony!

He was as glad to see the little boy as the little boy was to see him, and they went home together, where they lived happily ever after. Every day Dumpy the Pony took the little boy to ride, trotting and galloping to his heart's delight, and every day the little boy fed Dumpy the Pony and gave him drink, for he never forgot again what his fairy godmother said: —

*“He who for the beasts hath care,  
And with the birds his feast will share,  
Will find a blessing ev’rywhere.”*



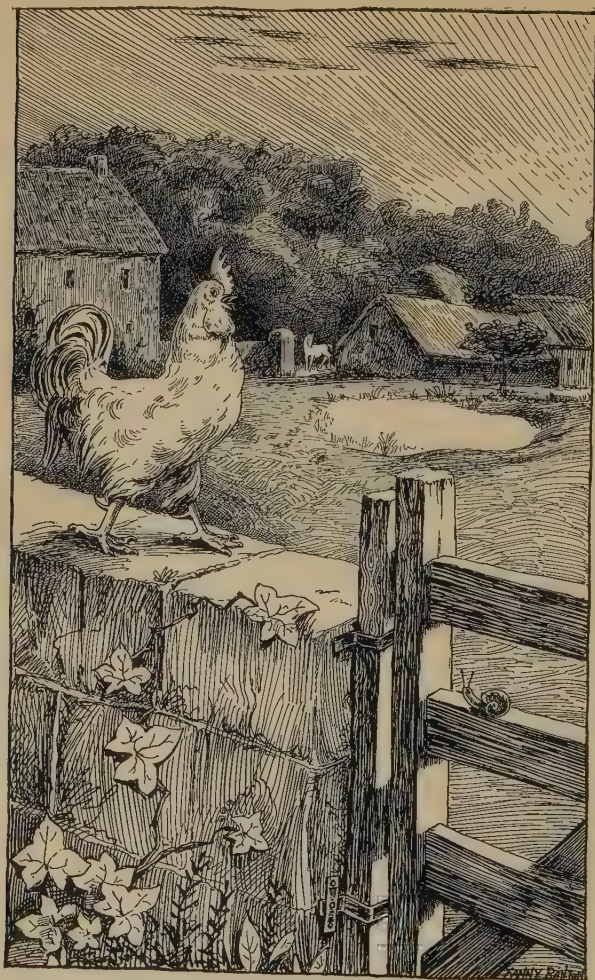


*PATSY, THE CALF*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Through his sympathetic interest in the baby calf, the downy chick, the nestling bird, whose love for their mothers reflects his love for you, the child is drawn closer to you, oh, loving mother.*





Early one morning, the Rooster, who was always the first to wake in the farmyard, had a wonderful piece of news to tell.

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# PATSY, THE CALF

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Early one morning the Rooster, who was always the first to wake in the farmyard, had a wonderful piece of news to tell,

“Cock-cock-cock-cock-a-doodle-doo!” he cried, as he flapped his wings. “The sun is up, the day is fair, and the Red Cow has a baby calf.”

Then the Hens and the Chickens, the Cat and the Kittens, the Dog and the Horse waked up in a hurry, and ran to see the little new calf who was very red and soft and small.

“How much he looks like you, Mrs. Cow,” cried the Hens.

“He’s a very fine calf, or I’m no judge,” said the Horse.

“What will you name him?” asked the Dog.

“Oh! as for that,” answered the Cow, who was very proud of her baby, “the children will be sure to find a nice name for him.”

And sure enough, when the children who

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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lived in the farmhouse came out to see him they said, "Oh! what a lovely red calf. Let's name him Patsy."

Patsy grew very fast. Before long he was frisking all about the farmyard crying, "Ma-a, ma-a," and, though nobody else could understand him, his mother knew just what he meant every time he spoke.

He grew so fast that Mother Cow was soon able to go again to the pasture lands with the other cows, and leave him to play in the farmyard. At first he wanted to go, too, but Mother Cow said, "No, indeed. Little calves must stay at home, so be good, and in the evening I will come back to you."

The big Brown Horse was Patsy's good friend, the Hens talked to him, and the children made clover chains to hang about his neck, so he was happy all the long day, and at evening he stood at the gate to watch for his mother who always called "Moo, moo," to let him know that she was coming.

One day, however, Patsy waited at the gate till all the chickens had gone to roost and no Mother Cow came down the lane.

## PATSY, THE CALF

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The children went to look for her but they could not find her, and the Brown Horse said he could not imagine where she could be.

Everybody was sorry for the little red calf, and the cook tried to feed him, but he would not eat. No, indeed, how could he eat when his dear mother was lost. He stood at the gate, and called her "Ma-a, ma-a, ma-a!" till the stars came out, and the moon shone, and somebody came and put him in the barn.

"Don't be afraid," said the Brown Horse, "I am awake," but though the red calf was glad to have company, he needed his mother, and he cried for her till he went to sleep late in the night time.

When he waked up the sun was shining through the cracks in the barn, and the Rooster was crowing, —

"Cock-cock-cock-cock-a-doodle-doo, the sun is up, the day is fair, and the Red Cow" —

"Ma-a, ma-a, I want my mother," cried Patsy; and, do you believe it? something

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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right outside the barn door answered, "Moo-oo." The barn door flew open, and there in the sunshine stood Mother Cow.

"I was shut in a pasture last night," said she, as she licked the little calf with her rough red tongue, "and I couldn't get home, but I'll stay a long time with my baby to-day." And it was hard to tell which was the happier, Mother Cow or the little red calf.



*MRS. SPECKLETY*  
*HEN*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Every child delights to be brought in wholesome contact with the busy life of the barnyard.*

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# MRS. SPECKLETY HEN

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Once upon a time there was a hen whose name was Mrs. Specklety Hen.

She lived on a farm in company with a great many geese and turkeys and ducks and other hens, and they all belonged to a lady who fed them well, and treated them well, and knew them all by name.

Mrs. Specklety Hen liked to live on the farm. She liked the yellow corn that came out of the corncrib. She liked to take dust baths, and she liked to walk about the yard singing a song that nobody knows how to sing but a hen.

One day as she went about singing she thought to herself, "I must go and find a place to make a nest"; and she no sooner thought this than she started out. First of all she went to the barn, but the big double doors were shut tight, and she could not get in.

Then she tripped over to the house where

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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the lady lived, and looked under it. "No, indeed," said she, "it is too cold and too damp under there. I shall go on the porch."

So up she hopped on the lady's porch, and the first thing she saw there was a ladder which reached from the floor to a little square hole in the top of the porch. "Up I go," said Mrs. Specklety Hen, and up she hopped till she came to the hole, which was a doorway large enough for you or for me to go through. Mrs. Specklety Hen went through very easily, and she found herself in a long room right next to the roof that had one little window to let the light in. In this room was an open trunk full of old clothes, a box full of papers, and a barrel full of hay. Mrs. Specklety Hen looked in the trunk, but she did not make her nest in there. She looked in the box, but she did not make her nest in there; but when she came to the barrel, the hay was so nice and so tempting that she jumped in, made her nest, and laid one beautiful egg in it.

Then down she flew from the loft in a great hurry, calling as loudly as she could: —

## MRS. SPECKLETY HEN

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“Ca! ca-ca-ca-ca! ca,” which meant in her language, “I’ve laid an egg! I’ve laid an egg! I’ve laid an egg!”

All the hens on the place heard it and they joined in at once, “Ca! ca-ca-ca-ca! ca. She’s laid an egg! She’s laid an egg! She’s laid an egg!” till the news was spread far and wide.

The next day Mrs. Specklety Hen went back to her nest, and again and again and again, till there were as many eggs in the nest as you have fingers on one hand. One two, three, four, five. Now in this house where Mrs. Specklety Hen went each day, there lived a little boy whose name was Johnny-boy, and one day he said to his mother: —

“Mama, I believe I shall go out and hunt for a hen’s nest.” So he took his cap and ran out of the back door just as Mrs. Specklety Hen flew down from the loft, calling as loudly as she could: —

“Ca! ca-ca-ca-ca! ca. I’ve laid an egg! I’ve laid an egg!”

“Oh, yes, Mrs. Specklety Hen,” said

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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Johnny-boy, "I know where your nest is." So he ran up the ladder and through the door in the top of the porch, and there he was in the long room next to the roof that had one little window to let the light in. He looked in the trunk — did he find anything there? He looked in the box — did he find anything there? And then he looked in the barrel — and what did he see? Five beautiful eggs in the nest! And did he take them all? No, he left one in the nest for a nest egg, and he put four in his cap and went carefully, oh, so carefully, down the ladder to mother's room. When mother saw the eggs she was so surprised! And she said: — "I must make a cake." And so she did, "with sugar and spice, and everything nice."

The next day was Sunday and Johnny-boy and father and mother had the cake for dinner. "I'm glad I found that hen's nest," said Johnny-boy when he saw the cake, and when he had eaten his dinner he took a plate of crumbs to Mrs. Specklety hen.



So he ran up the ladder





*THE LITTLE PIG*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*A two-fold message write I here,  
For mothers true, and children dear:  
He who would keep his flowers fair,  
Must close the garden gate with care.*





“Umph, umph,” said the little pig, “I have wanted to get into this garden ever since I can remember.”

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# THE LITTLE PIG

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Once upon a time a little black and white pig with a curly tail went out to take a morning walk. He intended to go to the Mud Puddle, but before he got there he came to a garden gate that was stretched wide open.

“Umph, umph,” said the little pig when he saw it, “isn’t this fine? I have wanted to get into this garden ever since I can remember”; and in he went as fast as his four short legs could carry him.

The garden was full of flowers. There were pansies, and daisies, and violets, and honeysuckles, and all the bright flowers that you can name. Everything was in the proper place. There were tulips on either side of the garden walk, and hollyhocks stood in a straight row against the fence. The pansies had a garden bed all to themselves, and the young vines were just beginning to climb up on the frame that the gardener had made for their special benefit.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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“Umph, umph, nice place,” said the little pig, and he put his nose down in the pansy bed and began to root up the pansies, for he thought that was the way to behave in a garden.

While he was enjoying himself there the brown hen came down the road with her family. She had thirteen children, and she was looking for a nice rich spot where they might scratch for their breakfast. When she saw the open gate she was delighted.

“Cluck, cluck, come on,” she said to her chicks.

“Peep, peep, peep,” said the little chickens, “is it a worm?”

“It is a beautiful garden, and there is nothing that I like better than to scratch in a garden,” answered the hen, as she bustled through the gate. The chickens followed her, and soon they were all busy scratching among the violets.

They had not been there very long when the red cow walked by the garden. She was on her way to the Pond, but when she

## THE LITTLE PIG

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saw the open garden gate she decided at once to go in.

"Moo, moo," she said, "this is delightful. Tender flowers are such a treat," and she swished her tail over her back as she nipped the daisies from their stems.

"Cluck," said the hen, "Peep," said the chicks, "Umph," said the little pig, for they were pleased to have company. While they were talking a rabbit with very bright eyes peeped in at the gate.

"Oh, is it a party?" he said when he saw the red cow, and the pig with a curly tail, and the hen and chickens.

"Come in," said the pig, "and help yourself. There is plenty of room." So the rabbit hopped into the garden and nibbled the green leaves and the young vines.

"How many of us are here?" asked the red cow, but before any of them could count, the gardener came home.

When *he* looked into the garden he began to cry, "Oh, my pretty pansies! my dear daisies! my sweet violets! my tender young vines!"

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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“What is he talking about?” said the chickens.

“I suppose he wants us to go out,” answered the hen, and she ruffled her feathers and quarreled as the gardener came hurrying toward them.

Then the cow ran one way and the pig ran another. The little chickens got lost in the bushes, and the rabbit hid in the vines. The hen cackled, and the pig squealed, and the gardener scolded. By the time he had driven them all out of the garden the sun was high in the sky.

“Umph, umph,” cried the little pig, as he scampered down the road, “we will all come back to-morrow.”

But when they went back the next day the garden gate was fastened close, and not even the smallest chicken could get inside.



*THE WHITE DOVE*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Oh, help your child to feel this in his heart:  
Evil repels, but goodness without art,  
Still, but resistless, like a magnet acts.*

Miss Blow's Commentaries of Froebel's Mother  
Play Book.





So, early the next morning, she started out to find the new home.

---

# THE WHITE DOVE

---

There was once upon a time a white dove that lived next door to a growly, grizzly bear.

The dove had a voice as sweet as music, but the bear had a terrible growl. He was always snarling, growling, and quarreling, till the white dove said: "I cannot stand it any longer. I must find a new home."

So, early the next morning, she started out to find the new home. First she went to the creek and dipped her wings in the shining water till they were as white as snow, and then away she flew, over the hills and the valley.

"Coo, coo! I should like to live with a good child," she said as she flew.

• By and by she came to a small, white house by the roadside, and there on the doorstep sat a little girl who looked so much like a good child that the white dove lighted on a tree by the gate and called, with her voice as sweet as music: "Coo, coo! may I come in? Coo, coo! may I come in?"

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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But the little girl did not hear, for just then her mother called from the kitchen: "Little daughter, come here! I want you to rock the baby to sleep." And before the dove had time to call again the little girl began to cry as loudly as she could: "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! I — don't — want — to — come — in! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

"Coo, coo," called the white dove. But it did no good, so she spread her wings and flew away.

"I should rather live next door to a growly, grizzly bear," she said to herself, "than in the house with a child who cries like that."

On and on she flew, over the tree tops and roofs, till she reached a big house that had a great many doors and windows. The windows were open, and, looking in, the white dove saw half a dozen boys and girls playing together.

Oh! what a noise there was! The baby had waked up long before he was through with his nap, and he was crying about it, and the nurse was singing to him; and all

## THE WHITE DOVE

---

the rest were running and screaming and jumping, till all together there was such a din that the white dove could not make herself heard, although she called many times.

At last, however, somebody spied her, and then what a terrible time she had!

Every child in the room began to push and scramble to get her. "She's mine!" "She's mine!" "I saw her first!" "You didn't!" "I did!" they cried, all talking at once, till the white dove spread her wings and flew away.

"It would be almost as bad as living next door to a growly, grizzly bear to live in the house with all that noise," she said as she flew away.

Her white wings were weary and she began to think that she would have to turn back, when she heard a sound as sweet as her own voice. It came from a brown house near by, and the white dove made haste to the door to find out what the sound was.

When she put her head in at the door

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

she saw a little girl rocking her baby brother to sleep in his cradle; and it was this little girl who had the voice like music. As she rocked the cradle she sang: —

*“All the pretty little horses,  
White and gray and black and bay;  
All the pretty little horses,  
You shall see some day, some day,  
All the pretty little horses.” \**

“Coo, coo! may I come in?” called the white dove softly at the door; and the little girl looked up.

Now the child had often thought that she would rather have a white dove than anything else in the world, and she whispered back: “Dear dove, come in.” Then the white dove went in and lived there all the days of her life and never had to go back to live by the growly, grizzly bear any more, for she had found a home with a good child, and that is the best home in the world.

\*An old lullaby.



*THE VISIT*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*The child often climbs to heights whence he cannot safely descend without our help.*

*A danger which threatens the children of to-day is the danger of their overestimating themselves.*

*Only through experience can the child measure his strength.*

---

# THE VISIT

A STORY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWER

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Early one morning Grandmother Grey got up, opened the windows and doors of the farmhouse, and soon everybody on the place was stirring. The cook hurried breakfast, and no sooner was it over than Grandfather Grey went out to the barn and hitched the two horses to the wagon.

“Get up, Robin and Dobbin!” he said, as he drove through the big gate. “If you knew who were coming back in this wagon you would not be stepping so slowly.”

The old horses pricked up their ears when they heard this, and trotted away as fast as they could down the country road until they came to town. Just as they got to the railway station the train came whizzing in.

“All off!” cried the conductor, as the train stopped; and out came a group of children who were, every one of them, Grandfather and Grandmother Grey’s grandchildren. They had come to spend Thanksgiving Day on the farm.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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There was John, who was named for grandfather and looked just like him, and the twins, Teddie and Pat, who looked like nobody but each other. Their papa was grandfather's oldest son. Then there was Louisa, who had a baby sister at home, and then Mary Virginia Martin, who was her mama's only child.

"I tell you," said grandfather, as he helped them into the wagon, "your grandmother will be glad to see you!"

And so she was. She was watching at the window for them when they drove up, and when the children spied her they could scarcely wait for grandfather to stop the wagon before they scrambled out.

"Dear me, dear me!" said grandmother, as they all tried to kiss her at the same time "how you have grown."

"I am in the first grade," said John, hugging her with all his might.

"So am I," cried Louisa.

"We are going to be," chimed in the twins; and then they all talked at once, till grandmother could not hear herself speak.



She was watching at the window for them.



## THE VISIT

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Then, after they had told her all about their mamas and papas, and homes, and cats and dogs, they wanted to go and say "how do you do" to everything on the place.

"Take care of yourselves," called grandmother, "for I don't want to send any broken bones home to your mothers."

"I can take care of myself," said John.

"So can we," said the rest; and off they ran.

First they went to the kitchen where Mammy 'Ria was getting ready to cook the Thanksgiving dinner; then out to the barnyard, where there were two new red calves, and five little puppies belonging to Juno, the dog, for them to see. Then they climbed the barnyard fence and made haste to the pasture where grandfather kept his woolly sheep. "Baa-a!" said the sheep when they saw the children; but then, they always said that, no matter what happened.

There were cows in this pasture, too, and Mary Virginia was afraid of them, even though she knew that they were the mothers of the calves she had seen in the barnyard.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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“Silly Mary Virginia!” said John, and Mary Virginia began to cry.

“Don’t cry,” said Louisa. “Let’s go to the hickorynut tree.”

This pleased them all, and they hurried off; but on the way they came to the big shed where grandfather kept his plows and reaper and threshing machine and all his garden tools.

The shed had a long, wide roof, and there was a ladder leaning against it. When John saw that, he thought he must go up on the roof; and then, of course, the twins went, too. Then Louisa and Mary Virginia wanted to go, and although John insisted that girls could not climb, they managed to scramble up the ladder to where the boys were. And there they all sat in a row on the roof.

“Grandmother doesn’t know how well we can take care of ourselves,” said John. “But I am such a big boy that I can do anything. I can ride a bicycle and go on errands —”

“So can I,” said Louisa.



## THE VISIT

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"We can ride on the trolley!" cried the twins.

"Mama and I go anywhere by ourselves," said Mary Virginia.

"Moo!" said something down below; and when they looked, there was one of the cows rubbing her head against the ladder.

"Don't be afraid, Mary Virginia," said Louisa. "Cows can't climb ladders."

"Don't be afraid, Mary Virginia," said John. "I'll drive her away."

So he kicked his feet against the shed roof and called "Go away! go away!" The twins kicked their feet, too, and called "Go away! go away!" and somebody, I don't know who, kicked the ladder and it fell down and lay in the dry grass. And the cow walked peacefully on, thinking about her little calf.

"There now!" exclaimed Louisa, "how shall we ever get down?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said John. "All I'll have to do is to stand up on the roof and call grandfather. Just watch me do it."

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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So he stood up and called "Grandfath—er! Grandfath—er! Grandfath—er!" till he was tired; but no grandfather answered.

Then the twins called, "Grandfather! Grandmother!"

"Baa," said the sheep, as if beginning to think that somebody ought to answer all that calling.

Then they all called together: "Grandfather! Grandfather! Grandfather!" and when nobody heard that, they began to feel frightened and lonely.

"I want to go home to my mother! I wish I hadn't come!" wailed Mary Virginia.

"It's Thanksgiving dinner time, too," said John; "and there's turkey for dinner, for I saw it in the oven."

"Pie, too," said Louisa.

"Dear, dear!" cried the twins.

And then they all called together once more, but this time with such a weak little cry that not even the sheep heard it.

The sun grew warmer and the shadows

## THE VISIT

---

straighter as they sat there, and grandmother's house seemed miles away when John stood up to look at it.

"They've eaten dinner by this time, I know," he said, as he sat down again; "and grandfather and grandmother have forgotten all about us."

But grandfather and grandmother had not forgotten them, for just about then grandmother was saying to grandfather: "You had better see where the children are, for Thanksgiving dinner will soon be ready and I know that they are hungry."

So grandfather went out to look for them. He did not find them in the kitchen nor the barnyard, so he called "Johnnie! Johnnie!" and when nobody answered he made haste to the pasture.

The children saw him coming, and long before he had reached the gate they began to call with all their might. This time grandfather answered, "I'm coming!" and I cannot tell you how glad they were.

In another minute he had set the ladder up again and they all came down. Mary

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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Virginia came first because she was the youngest girl, and John came last because he was the biggest boy. Grandfather put his arms around each one as he helped them down, and carried Mary Virginia home on his back. When they got to the house dinner was just ready.

*The turkey was brown, the potatoes were  
sweet,  
The sauce was so spicy, the biscuits were  
beat,  
The great pumpkin pie was as yellow as gold,  
And the apples were red as the roses, I'm told.*

It was such a good dinner that I had to tell you about it in rhyme!

*And I'm sure you'll agree  
With the children and me  
That there's never a visit so pleasant to pay  
As a visit to grandma on Thanksgiving Day.*

*THE CHOICE*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*A right choice makes the heart rejoice.*

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# THE CHOICE

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Once upon a time there was a little girl who started out with her mama one sunshiny day to visit the city. She was just as happy as she could be for they were going to the Toyman's shop, and she had a silver piece of money in her pocket to buy a toy there.

*"Here I go with a hop, hop, hop,  
All the way to the Toyman's shop,"*

she sang over and over as she danced along beside her mama.

On the way they met a little boy who was going with *his* mama to visit the city that sunshiny day. He was just as happy as he could be for *they* were going to the Toyman's shop and he had a silver piece of money in his pocket to buy a toy there.

When he saw the little girl and heard her merry song he wanted to go with her, so he caught hold of her hand, and off they danced singing over and over: —

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

---

*"Here we go with a hop, hop, hop,  
All the way to the Toyman's shop."*

There was not a shop in the city so fine and so beautiful as the Toy shop that sunshiny day when the two little children came dancing along. The windows were gay with lovely dolls, the counters were filled with picture books, the shelves were loaded down with toys, and the Toyman was never too busy their names to tell. When he saw the children he said: —

*"Who comes here with a hop, hop, hop,  
All the way to the Toyman's shop?  
Laughing lassies or merry boys,  
All are welcome to see my toys.  
Bells to jingle, and horns to blow,  
Trains and whistles, and balls to throw,  
Hoops to trundle and drums to beat,  
Dainty dishes and dollies sweet.  
Some for lassies and some for boys,  
Take your choice of the Toyman's toys."*

The little boy had already made up his mind. He wanted a drum. He paid the



## THE CHOICE

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Toyman for it with his silver piece of money, and hung it about his neck like a drummer boy.

“Bum, bum, bum,” said the little drum when he beat upon it with the drumsticks, and he thought it was the finest music in the world.

“Hear that,” he said to the little girl. “It sounds just like the band. You had better get one too.”

But the little girl did not want a drum. She liked the books with their bright colored pictures, and the tea-sets with flowers painted on them, and the dolls, that could open and shut their eyes.

“Which one shall I buy?” she said to her mama, but at last she decided herself, and what do you think she chose? A doll, the prettiest one. It had yellow hair and blue eyes, and when she had paid the Toyman for it she took it in her arms and hugged and kissed it.

Then the two little children went home with their mamas, singing their merry song: —

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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*"Here we go with a hop, hop, hop,  
All the way from the Toyman's shop."\**

The drum was so fine, the doll was so sweet, and they were as happy as they could be.

\*Adapted from the Wheelwright's song by Eleanor Smith in Miss Blow's Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play.



"Here we go with a hop, hop, hop,  
All the way from the Toyman's shop."



*THE  
CHRISTMAS CAKE*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Help your child this thought to treasure,  
Work well done to all gives pleasure.*

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# THE CHRISTMAS CAKE

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It was a joyful day for the McMulligan children when Mrs. McMulligan made the Christmas cake. There were raisins to seed, and eggs to beat, and pans to scrape, and every one of the children, from the oldest to the youngest, helped to stir the batter when the good things were mixed together.

*“Oh mix it, and stir it, and stir it and taste;  
For ev’rything’s in it, and nothing to waste;  
And ev’ryone’s helped — even Baby — to  
make*

*The nice brown sugary Christmas cake,”*

said Mrs. McMulligan, as she poured the batter into the cake pan.

The Baker who lived at the corner was to bake the Christmas cake, so Joseph, the oldest boy, made haste to carry it to him. All the other children followed him, and together they went, oh, so carefully, out of

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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the front door, down the sidewalk, straight to the shop where the Baker was waiting for them.

The Baker's face was so round and so jolly that the McMulligan children thought he must look like Santa Claus. He could bake the whitest bread and the lightest cake, and as soon as the children spied him they began to call: —

*"The cake is all ready. 'Tis here in the pan;  
Now bake it, good Baker, as fast as you can";  
"No, no," said the Baker, "'Twould be a  
mistake*

*To hurry in baking the Christmas cake.  
I'll not bake it fast, and I'll not bake it slow,  
My little round clock on the wall there will  
show*

*How long I must watch, and how long I  
must bake,  
The nice brown sugary Christmas cake."*

The little round clock hung on the wall above the oven. Its face was so bright, and its tick was so merry, and it was busy night and day telling the Baker when to



## THE CHRISTMAS CAKE

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sleep and when to eat and when to do his baking. When the McMulligan children looked at it, it was just striking ten, and it seemed to them very plainly to say: —

*“’Tis just the right time for the Baker to bake  
The nice brown sugary Christmas cake.”*

The oven was ready, and the Baker made haste to put the cake in.

*“Ho, ho,” he cried gayly, “Now isn’t this  
fun?”*

*’Tis ten o’ the clock, and the baking’s begun,  
And ‘tickity, tickity,’ when it strikes one,  
If nothing should hinder the cake will be  
done.”*

Then the McMulligan children ran home to tell their mother what he had said, and the Baker went on with his work. It was the day before Christmas, and a great many people came to his shop to buy pies and cakes, but no matter how busy he was waiting on them, he never forgot the McMulligan’s cake, and every time he looked at the clock, it reminded him to peep into the oven.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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So well did he watch it, and so carefully did he bake it, that the cake was done on the stroke of one, just as he had promised, and he had scarcely taken it out of the oven when the shop door flew open, and in came the McMulligan children, every one of them saying: —

*“The clock has struck one. The clock has struck one.*

*We waited to hear it — and is the cake done?”*

When they saw it they thought it was the nicest, brownest, spiciest cake that was ever baked in a Baker's oven. The Baker himself said it was a beautiful cake, and if you had been at the McMulligans' on Christmas day, I am sure you would have thought so too.

Joseph carried it home, walking very slowly and carefully, and all the other children followed him, out of the Baker's shop, down the sidewalk, straight home where Mrs. McMulligan was waiting for them. She was smiling at them from the window,



Joseph carried it home, and all the other children followed him.



## THE CHRISTMAS CAKE

---

and when they spied her they all began to call: —

*“Hurrah for our Mama! She surely can  
make*

*The nicest and spiciest Christmas cake.*

*Hurrah for the Baker! Hurrah for the fun!*

*Hurrah for our Christmas cake! Now it is  
done.”*



*THE CHRISTMAS  
STOCKING*

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Many a child-heart is starved for joy because the old have forgotten that they were ever young.*



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# THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

---

Far away in the North, where the birds go in summer, there once lived a little girl whose name was Martha.

She lived with her grandmother and a servant in a lonely little house not far from the sea, and the only playmates she ever had were a few pet animals and the birds that came, as I have said, to sing in the Northern forests and fields in the summer time.

Beyond Martha's home and nearer the sea there was a town; but Martha had never been there, for when the servant, whose name was Betsy, went there to buy the sugar and flour and meat that they needed, the child always had to stay at home with her grandmother.

Martha's grandmother was an old, old woman, who sat all day in her chair and knitted. She knitted stockings, — stockings for big feet and stockings for little feet,

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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— and when Betsy trudged off to town she took them with her to sell there.

Martha often wondered who bought them, but Betsy could not tell. She sold them to a storekeeper who paid her a good price — that was all she knew.

The birds told Martha the only stories she ever heard. Her grandmother was always too busy and Betsy knew none, and there was no one else to talk to the little girl.

Her father had been a sailor out on the blue sea, but his ship had been lost in a storm when Martha was a baby, and she could not remember him, nor her mother, who had gone to heaven, too.

There were many things for Martha to do in the little house, and not even the servant could help her grandmother more. Martha's eyes were so bright and her feet so swift and her hands so willing! When the balls of yarn rolled out of grandmother's lap, as they sometimes would do while she was knitting, and hid themselves away in corners or under the bed, Martha spied them before they had time to rest. When-

## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

---

ever grandmother needed a pair of hands to hold the skein of yarn while she wound it, Martha was ready; and no matter what was wanted, from the top of the house to the cellar, Martha brought it.

But busy as she was, she sometimes got lonely; and sometimes, as she watched the birds, she wished that she had wings so that she could fly away and take a peep at the sunny Southland and then fly back in a hurry to grandmother again.

One afternoon as she sat in the sun near the woods, a stranger with a gun on his shoulder came down the woodland path, and when he saw Martha, he stopped to speak to her. He was a merry-faced young man, and before he had been there many minutes Martha had told him about her grandmother and Betsy and the birds, and how the birds sang their stories to her.

"I know stories myself," said the young man; and he sat right down on the grass and told Martha the most wonderful story she had ever heard. It was about Santa Claus; and although you have heard it

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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many times and know how little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, Martha had never heard it before.

“Is it really true?” she cried.

“Yes, indeed,” said the young man, “for when I was a little boy I hung up my stocking every Christmas and in the morning” —

“Martha!” called Martha’s grandmother; and when Martha ran to see what was wanted, it was a knitting needle that was lost. It was not on the floor, or in the ball of yarn where it ought to have been, or in the work-basket. Martha began to think that the needle was never going to be found again, when she felt it among the cushions in grandmother’s chair. By this time the afternoon had grown late, and when Martha went out again the stranger was gone, and he never came back.

Soon after this the birds, too, went away. The small birds went first. “Good-by, Martha,” they called.

“Good-by,” said Martha. “Will you not get tired with your long journey?”

“Oh, we shall rest on the way. It will be

## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

---

well with us! Good-by!” sang the little birds; and they flew away.

Then the wild geese left. They flew in a long line, and the leader went in front. “Honk! honk!” he called; that meant “March! march!”

After the birds left it grew colder and colder. The white snow fell down from the gray clouds, till the North Country was white and shining and Martha could not sit out of doors any more. She sat in the house by the fire with her grandmother and Betsy, and thought about the stories she had heard. Sometimes she thought of the warm countries, and the birds, but oftener still she thought of the good Christmas saint, who filled the stockings for the little children on Christ’s Birthday. Perhaps some of the stockings were the very ones that grandmother had knit!

“Clickety click, clickety click,” said the knitting needles as they moved in grandmother’s hands; and as Martha watched them she told the story to grandmother, for she could keep it to herself no longer.

## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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Martha had never thought before that her grandmother would like stories; but she liked this one. Her eyes grew bright till they looked like Martha's eyes, and she stopped her knitting to listen.

Martha told the whole story, about the chimney and the stockings and the toys and the goodies, just as it had been told to her; and when she finished, grandmother said: —

“It all happened just that way when I was a little girl.”

After that, when they sat by the fire, it was grandmother who told the stories. She never grew tired of telling or Martha of listening, and even Betsy liked to hear, although she said nothing.

Grandmother could remember everything that she found in her stockings on Christmas mornings when she was a child. Once Santa Claus had brought her a doll, and once a string of blue beads, and oh! so many things that I cannot tell of them all. She could knit as she talked, too, and the stockings grew the faster for it, Martha thought.

## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

---

Grandmother was knitting red stockings for little feet then.

“Perhaps these will be Christmas stockings,” said Martha.

“Perhaps they will,” said grandmother.

But the stockings were not finished when Betsy went to town to buy the sugar and flour and tea. They were not finished until the very day before Christmas. When the last stitch was put in grandmother said to Martha: —

“You have been a good child all the year and the stockings are for you.”

They were the most beautiful stockings that Martha had ever had. She thought they were almost too beautiful to wear, but nevertheless she hung them on the chair beside her bed that night so that she might put them on in the morning. Then she said her prayers and went to bed; and when she was asleep the Christmas angels brought her sweet dreams.

It was Christmas all over the world. Christmas in the warm countries where the birds were, and Christmas in the far North



## MORE MOTHER STORIES

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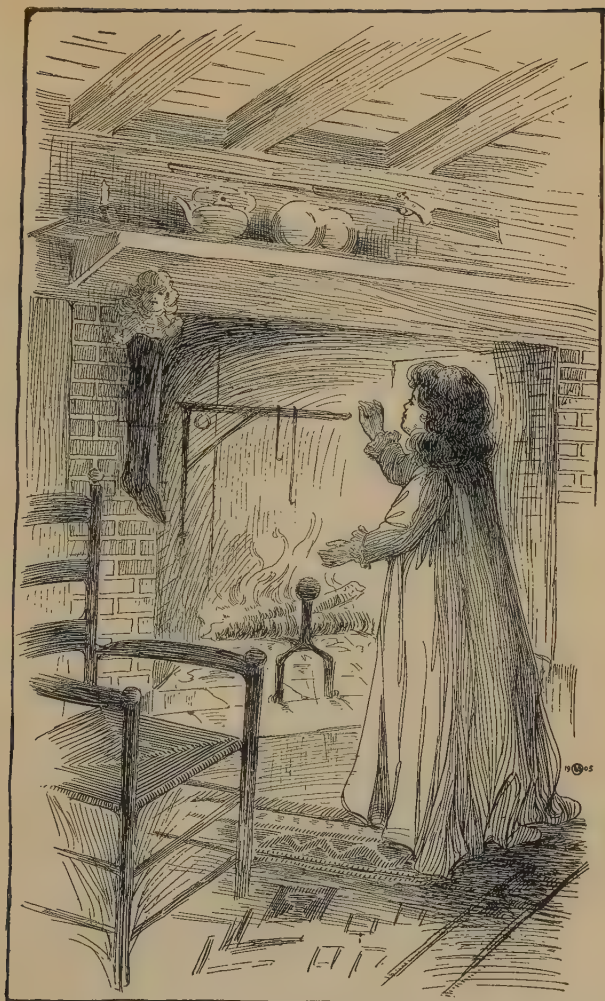
where little Martha dreamed her Christmas dreams. Even the cock seemed to know it, for when he crowed early in the morning, it sounded like: "Wake up! Wake up! 'Tis Christmas day!"

Martha heard him, and waked up and reached out her hand for her new red stockings.

One red stocking hung on the back of the chair, just where she had put it the night before, but the other one was not there. Martha jumped out of bed and felt about on the floor. Where could the other stocking be? All at once, through the dim morning light, she saw something strange and long and knobby hanging by the fireplace. It looked like a stocking, but surely, she thought, it could not be the one grandmother had made.

She went a little nearer and rubbed her eyes, for right out of the top of this stocking peeped a doll, a knitted doll, who seemed as much at home in a stocking as if she had lived there all her life. And yet it was the very stocking she had hung on the chair.





She went a little nearer and rubbed her eyes, for right out of the top of this stocking peeped a doll.



## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

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Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely get it down from the nail where it hung; but when she did, she found, under the doll, cows and sheep and horses made of sweetest cake, and long white twisted sticks of sugar candy, and, last of all, a string of blue beads, just such as grandmother had found in her stocking so many years before.

“Grandmother! Grandmother! Grandmother!” called Martha; and grandmother sat up in bed, almost as excited as the child.

“The Christmas saint has been here,” cried Martha, waving her stocking like a flag.

“Of course, of course,” said grandmother, nodding her head. “He finds the good children all the world over, just as he did when I was a child.”









# Wisconsin State College at Eau Claire

## LIBRARY RULES

No book should be taken from the Library until it has been properly charged out by the librarian.

Books may be kept two weeks, and renewed for one additional week.

A fine of ten cents a day will be charged for books kept over time.

In case of loss or damage the person borrowing this book will be held responsible for a part or the whole of the value of a new book plus processing costs.

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